

Almost Excellent Song of the Love of Young *Palmus* and fair *Sheldra*.
To the Tune of, Shackley-hey.



Young *Palmus* was a Ferry-man,
to our *Sheldra* fair did love.
At Shackley where her sheep did graze,
He there his thoughts did prove:
But he unkindly stole away,
And left his Love at Shackley-hey,
fa la, fa la la la,
So loud at Shackley he did cry,
The words resounded at Shackley-hey,
fa la, fa la la la.
But all in vain she did complain,
for nothing did him move,
Till wind did turn him back again,
and brought him to his Love,
When she saw him thus turn'd by fate,
She turn'd her love to mortal hate.
fa la, &c.
Then weeping to himself did say,
I'll live with thee at Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.
No no quoth she, I thee deny,
my love thou once did scorn,
And to my prayers would not hear,
but left me here forlorn:
But now being turn'd by fate of wind,
Thou thinkst to win me to thy mind,
fa la, &c.
Go, go, farewell I thee deny,
Thou shalt not live at Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.
If thou dost my love disdain,
because I live on Seas,
Or that I am a Ferry-man
my *Sheldra* doth displease:
I will no more in that estate
be subject unto wind and fate,
fa la, &c.
But quite forsake both Dars and Sea,
To live with thee at Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.
My *Sheldras* Bed shall be my boat,
her arms shall be my Dars.
Where love instead of storms shall float,
on pleasant downs and shores:
Her sweet breath my pleasant gale.
Though tides of love to guide my sail,
fa la, &c.
Her love my praise, she is my joy,
To live with me at Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

No Titan shall with me compare,
so fortunate to prove,
For Venus never was his peer,
Ple hear the Queen of love:
The working water never fear,
For Cupid's self our Barge shall steer;
fa la, &c.
And to the Shore I still will cry,
My *Sheldras* come to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.
To stow the Boat for thy avail,
Ple rob the flowery shores,
And whilst thou guid'st the Silken Sails,
I'll Row with golden Dars,
And as upon the Seas we float.
fa la, &c.
And to the Shore I still will cry,
My *Sheldra* comes to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.
And have a story painted there,
whereon there may be seen
How *Sopho* lov'd a Ferry-man,
being a learned Queen:
In Golden Letters shall be writ,
How well in Love himself he quit,
fa la, &c.
Then all the Ladies still shall say,
With *Palmus* we'll to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.
And walking easily to the Strand,
we'll angle in the Brook,
And fish with the white Lilly wand
thou knowst no other hook:
To which the fish shall soon be brought.
And strive which shall be caught,
fa la, &c.
A thousand pleasures we shall try,
As we walk on to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.
And if we be oppress'd with heat,
in the mid time of the day,
Under the Willows tall and great,
shall be our quiet Bay:
Where I will make thee fans of bows,
From *Phebus* beams to shade thy Brow
fa la, &c.
And cause them at the Ferry cry,
My *Sheldra* comes to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.
A troop of dainty neighbouring Girls
shall dance along the Strand,
Upon the Gravel all of pearls,
to wait when thou shalt Land:
And cast themselves upon the ground,
whilst thou with garland shall be crown'd
fa la, &c.
And Shepherds all with joy shall say,
See *Sheldra* come to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

Although I did my self absent,
 'twas but to try thy mind,
 But now thou mayst thy self absent,
 For being so unkind :
 For now thou'rt turn'd by wind & fate,
 Instead of Love thou purchest hate,
 fa la, &c.
 Therefore return thee to the Sea,
 And bid farewell to Shackley-hey,
 fa la, &c.
 When all in vain she did complain,
 and no remorse could find,
 young Palmus through his own disdain,
 made false sheldra unkind :
 And she is from him fled and gone,
 He laid him in his Boat alone,
 fa la, &c.
 And so betook him to the Sea,
 And had farewell to Shackley-hey,
 fa la, &c.
 Then from the happy sandy Shore,
 into the floating waves,
 his Vessel fraught with hyacinth tears,
 into the main he labors :
 But all in vain, for why he still,
 With weeping eyes his boat did fill,
 fa la, &c.
 He launcht himself into the Sea,
 And had farewell to Shackley-hey,
 fa la, &c.
 Now farewell to my sheldra fair,
 whom I no more shall see,
 I mean to lead my life at Sea,
 by thy inconstancy,
 Come Neptune come, to thee I cry,
 With thee I'll live, with thee I'll dye,
 fa la, &c.
 Then launcht himself into the Sea,
 And had farewell to Shackley-hey,
 fa la, &c.
 But far from thence he had not gone,
 ere sheldra fair return'd :
 Whose kind pity made me moan,
 such passion in her burn'd :
 But when she to that place arriv'd,
 She found the bove of him deserv'd,
 fa la, &c.
 And her dear Palmus now at Sea,
 Had bid farewell to Shackley-hey,
 fa la, &c.
 She then with better sighs complain,
 'tis did so abound,
 ing that she him disdain'd,
 e so loving found :
 w alas 'twas all in vain,
 was gone by her disdain,
 ia, &c.
 Leaving that place to her alone,
 Who now laments that he is gone,
 fa la, &c.
 A wretched sheldra then quoth he,
 confess what fond disdain,
 Hath wrath caused to fall on thee,
 by this long suffering pain :
 By thee alas, so soon forgot,

Serbe to thy labors strange hateful loss
 fa la, &c.
 And thus to lye and for him cry,
 Whom thou so fondly did deny,
 fa la, &c.
 Who once did truly Love I see,
 will never after hate,
 As dorth to well appear by me,
 in my so taking state :
 Alas my love I mean to probe,
 By only Tryal of thy love,
 fa la, &c.
 How hapless me for I do see,
 He hath forsaken woful me,
 fa la, &c.
 Thus all the while in roughest Seas,
 poor Palmus Boe was tost,
 But more in's mind this did discase,
 because his sheldra's lost ?
 In midst of this he her forswears,
 He rent his Coat, and tore his hairs,
 fa la, &c.
 Th'ets hope away, for he alas,
 Could be no more drown'd then he was ;
 fa la, &c.
 Even as his grief had swallow'd him,
 so did the greedy waves,
 About his Boat and o're the him,
 each Billow swiftly raves :
 There is no trust in swelling powers,
 That what it may it still debours,
 fa la, &c.
 And the breach the Seas may see,
 The Boat felt more the rage then he,
 fa la, &c.
 Thus wrapt and scattered in the state,
 while he in quiet swam,
 Through liquid path to Thetis gate,
 by lost degrees went down
 Whom when the nymph beheld the girls
 Soon laid aside their sporting Pearls,
 fa la, &c.
 And up they head'd him as a Guest,
 Unlookt for now come to the least,
 fa la, &c.
 His case they pittied, but when they
 beheld his face right fain,
 For very love into the Sea,
 they pull'd him back again :
 So they were with his beauty mov'd,
 For what is fair is soon belov'd,
 fa la, &c.
 Th. with the Pymphs he lides in sea,
 That lets his love at Shackley-hey,
 fa la, &c.
 When sheldra fair to in
 to end her woful days,
 Because young Palmus cast himself
 into the floating Seas.
 At Shackley did false sheldra dye,
 Young Palmus in the Seas dorth lye,
 fa la, &c.
 So as they liv'd, so did they dye,
 And bid farewell to Shackley-hey,
 fa la, fa la la.